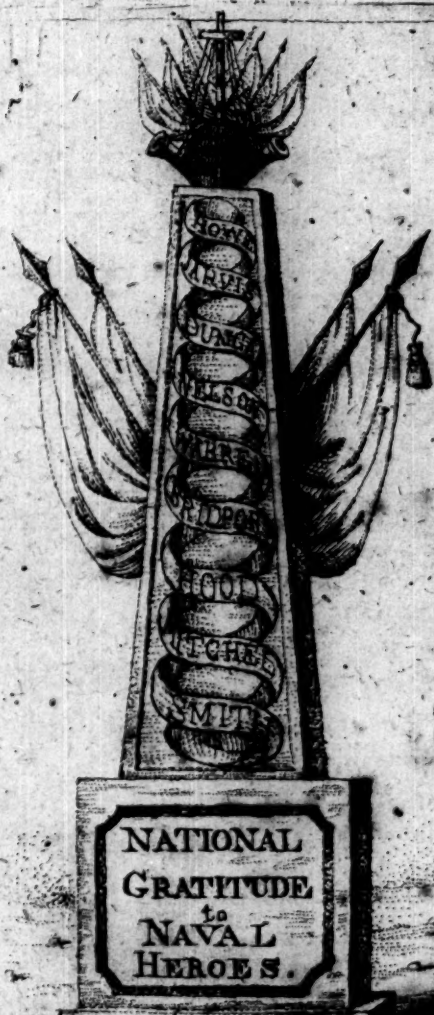


THE NAVAL PILLAR: A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.



BY T. DIBDIN,

Author of the Jew and Doctor, Five Thousand a Year, Mouth of the Nile,
The Birth-Day, Horse and the Widow, &c.

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42

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28

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* * IN lieu of Two Songs introduced on the Stage, to which the Author of this Piece has no claim, he has taken the liberty to substitute two of his own, the others being already published. The ballad of "Black-ey'd Susan," therefore, remains the only one not written for the occasion.

The List of Performers in the "Naval Pillar" will in a great measure account for its success. The Author has had so frequently to thank their former exertions, that it will be difficult to find new words on the present occasion. The conduct and liberality of the Managers call equally for his gratitude, and he is also indebted for considerable support to the very promising abilities of the Composer.

Dramatis Personæ.

Sam Spritsail	- -	MR. FAWCETT.
Ben Bowspirit	- -	MR. INCLEDON.
Tom Tackle	- -	MR. EMERY.
Dennis	- - - -	MR. JOHNSTONE.
Habakuk	- - - -	MR. MUNDEN.
Firelock	- - - -	MR. TOWNSEND.
Kitty	- - - -	MRS. MARTYR.
Nancy	- - - -	MISS SIMMS.
Sufan	- - - -	MISS WHEATLEY.
Jane	- - - -	MRS. GILBERT.
Britannia	- - - -	MRS. CHAPMAN.

Characters in the Dance, by MR. BOLOGNA, MR.
KING, MRS. WATTS, and MRS. PARKER.

The Overture, new Songs, and Music of the Dance,
composed by MR. MOOREHEAD;

And Sold by LONGMAN and Co. Cheapside.

* * The Passages marked with inverted Commas are omitted
in the Representation.

This Day is Published, written by T. Dibdin,

THE MOUTH OF THE NILE, a Musical Drama, 1s.

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J. BARKER begs Leave to inform the Public, he has on
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One Hundred Thousand Dramatic Productions,

commencing from the Dawn of the Histrionic Art in England,
to the present Day, forming an Assortment which he may,
without Hazard, pronounce Matchless,

THE
NAVAL PILLAR.

SCENE I.

A Village.

Enter BEN and NANCY.

Nancy. **A**H, my dear Ben, you know how very glad we must all be, and I above all, to see you once more in Old England.

Ben. I have frequently wished myself with you, almost in spite of the calls of duty. Often have I carved your name on the ship's timbers, drank your health at the mid watch, and blown you kisses from the maintop gallant mast head.

Nancy. What a pity they were never received. For my part, the sufferings I experienced when you were at sea, can only be imagined from the excess of joy I feel at once more seeing you at home; but, I see more of our friends, and must join to give them welcome.

SONG.

“ The gallant tar from war returns,
“ To seek his fair one's smiles;
“ With honest joy his bosom burns,
“ Relating former toils.

H. An

II.

" And may each son of Neptune find,

" Returning from the fight,

" The fair one true he left behind,

" And doubled each delight," [Exit.

Ben. And now to look for my friend William—by this time he has met with his girl, and laughs at former sorrows. Ah! never shall I forget the melancholy day when he parted with his Susan.

SONG. BEN. (*The words by Gay.*)

All in the downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Susan came on board,
Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
Does my sweet William sail among the crew?

II.

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro;
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below.
The cord flies swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

III.

O, Susan, Susan, lovely dear!
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass, that still points to thee.

IV. Tho'

IV.

Tho' battle call me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
 Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms
 William shall to his dear return:
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

V.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosom spread;
 No longer must she stay aboard;
 They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head.
 Her leav'ning boat unwilling rows to land;
 Adieu! she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

*Enter TOM, NANCY, DENNIS, Sailors and
 Countrymen.*

Tom. Come, bear a hand—there's a sort of court martial club, or committee, I think they call it, at the Rodney's Head, sitting in judgment upon us tars. They talk of putting up some monument to our praise—and I think it but right that we should go and see all fair and above board.

Nancy. Yes; and do you know that we women are going to have a committee too, and why should we? You fought for us, as well as for the men—Ah! I'm sure you'll like as well to be rewarded by us.

Tom. Why, as to that, we've only done what Englishmen do as naturally as a fish swims, prove our right to the British channel—and held fast the honour which no enemy ever yet took from us.

Den. How should they, honey? Isn't Ireland and Scotland and England united like three twin sisters. And as long as we remain snugly tied up in a

bun

bunch; like the bundle of sticks in the fable book,
we shall make a mighty pretty rod to beat the scound-
rels that wou'd dare to part us.

SONG. DENNIS. (*Irish Air.*)

What matter your ditties, your jokes, and nora-
tions,

Of lawyers and doctors still making your game,
Wid your gallipots, parchments, and clients and
patients,

And all such cantankerous stuff as that same.

In praise of our admirals, captains and sailors,

I'll sing, and long life to the lads and all such,
Who on the salt ocean were never yet failers,

In bashing the Spaniards, the French and the
Dutch.

And sing fillalloo, smalliloo, ditheroo whack,

Let an enemy come and we'll trundle him back,

While the lads of the ocean shall tell the proud elf,

He may go to the devil and shake himself.

Chor. And sing fillalloo, &c.

II.

Didn't Frenchmen one June to our lads cry Peccavi,

Lord Howe he did pelt 'em thro' thunder and
smoke,

With British hard dumplings without any gravy,

Till Mounfeer no longer cou'd relish the joke.

And then did'nt Jarvis the Spaniards beleather,

Then Duncan and Nelson compleated the job,

To show we can beat 'em all three both together,

As fast as each plases to put up his nob.

And sing fillalloo, &c.

III. Each

Each wave as it washes our shores wou'd soon tell us,
 If it had but a tongue, and cou'd speak what was
 just,
 How it carried to glory our brave honest fellows,
 How oft on its surface our foes bit the dust.
 And now to be building on land you'd be a'ter,
 Some trophy of honour their actions to grace,
 While they have built one for themselves on the wa-
 ter,
 The devil himself cou'dn't shove from its place.
 And sing fillalloo, &c. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Landscape.*

Enter KITTY followed by HABAKUK.

Kitty. Friend Habakuk, follow me no more.
 'Tis of no use, I can assure thee.

Haba. And why, friend Kate, I pray thee? Art
 thou not beautiful as the opening rose? And am not
 I tall as the poplar, ruddy as the Summer morning,
 and loving, yea, as the ring dove which feedeth from
 thy pretty fingers.

Kitty. Don't tell me of your tall mornings and
 ruddy poplars—Give me my own true sailor, and
 never let me have no more of your fooleries, Mr.
 Habakuk.

Haba. But thine own true sailor has been at sea
 all the Summer.

Kitty. Yet, when he returns, he will be welcome
 as the voice of the cuckoo in Spring.

Haba. Verily thou art in the wrong to make a
 cuckoo of him.

Kitty. Nay, it is you who wou'd make a cuckoo
 of him.

Haba. I jested with thee, damsel—I have no
 B profane

profane views in following thy footsteps. I have here a letter.

Kitty. I shan't look at it.

Haba. On which is written——

Kitty. I won't read it.

Haba. "If thou art a seaman, or a seaman's friend,
"Convey this letter to its journey's end."

Kitty. O, my dear pretty Habakuk, give it me directly.

Haba. Then, my dear pretty Kate, thou must also kiss me directly.

Kitty. Now you know that's such nonsense.

Haba. (*putting the letter in his pocket.*) Then will I put up my nonsense and go—Yea I will go the way whence I came.

Kitty. Psha! I don't care—I dare say the letter's good for nothing.

Haba. Then thou art like unto—

Kitty. What am I like unto?

Haba. I'll tell thee, pretty damsel.

SONG. HABAKUK. (*Welsh Air.*)

An hungry fox one day did spy,

Fal, lal, la, &c.

Some nice ripe grapes, which hung so high,

Fal, lal, la, &c.

And as they hung, they seem'd to say

To him who underneath did stay,

If you *can* take me down, you may.

[*Holding up the letter.*]

Fal, lal, la, &c.

II.

The fox his patience nearly lost,

Fal, lal, la, &c.

His expectations baulk'd and crost,

Fal, lal, la, &c.

Still

Still lick'd his chaps for near an hour,
Till he found the fruit beyond his pow'r,
Then he went, and swore the grapes were four.

Fal, la, la.

[At the end of the song he is going away with the letter formally sticking up in his band, which she takes an opportunity of snatching—he returns, she at length gives him a kiss, and he goes off with a deep ton'd "Humph" of satisfaction.]

Kitty. Dear, dear, how fortunate that this should come to hand so curiously. 'Tis a sign that my dear Sam will soon follow it. Bless me, it's full of true love and constancy all over. Oh, how happy I shall be when he's once safe at home again.

SONG. KATE. *(Moorehead.)*

When peace smiles around, and stern war is no more,

And the lad for whom thus long I've tarried,
Shall safely return, I'll live single no more,
But he and I'll go and be married.

II.

The breakers which dash on the echoing shore,
(From whence they my true love have carried)
Tho' oft I have blam'd, I shall then blame no more,
When I and my lad shall be married.

[Exit.]

Enter SAM.

Sam. So, so, safe landed at last. Kate will be glad to see me. Lord, what a meeting we shall have! "Give us a kiss," says I—"Take it," says she.—Then will I grapple her to the heart of an honest tar, pour a broadside of prize-money into

her pocket ; she'll pipe her eye, and I'll pipe all hands for the parson, tol-de-rol!—Well, there's no pleasure so sweet as when a man has earned it ; for my part, I've seen plenty of sarvice—I've beat the French with Howe, the Spaniards with Jarvis, and the Dutch with Duncan—Nay, for the sake of Old England, and the girl I love, I wou'dn't mind going to the land of Egypt, and fighting under him who has put to the blush even the red bonnet of Buonaparte.

SONG. SAM. (*Moorehead.*)

Brother tars in my time, I've sung many a rhyme,
But the Song I now trouble you with,
Has some claim to applause, and you'll own it be-
cause,
The subject's Sir Sydney Smith—It is.
The subject's Sir Sydney Smith.

II.

You all know, Sir Sydney, a man of such kidney,
He'd fight all the French he could meet,
Give him one ship or two, and without more ado,
He'd engage if he met a whole fleet—He
would.
He'd engage, &c.

III.

Thus he took, as folks say, all that came in his way,
Till fortune, a whimsical elf,
Order'd accidents so, that in fighting the foe,
Poor Sir Sydney was taken himself—He was.
Sir Sydney was, &c.

IV. The

IV.

The French were so glad of the prize they now had,
 They refus'd every offer we bid,
 And swore he should stay, lock'd up till Dooms-
 day,
 But he swore, he'd be damn'd if he did.—He did.
 He swore, &c.

V.

If Sir Sydney was wrong, why then blackball my
 song,
 E'en our foes he would scorn to deceive,
 His escape was but just, and confess it you must,
 For it only was taking French leave.—You
 know.
 It only was, &c.

VI.

The great Gallic chief flush'd with fury and grief,
 Satisfaction most proudly required,
 Says Sir Syd. with all heart, so he gave Buonapart,
 Rather more than he wish'd or desired.
 He did, &c.

Eh! why there she is—sure it's rather hazy, and I
 don't see clear! She's reading a letter, and kissing it
 too; a pretty salute on my coming ashore. She's
 coming this way. I'll lay to, and observe her. [*retires.*]

Re-enter KITTY with the Letter.

Kitty. O, the dear, sweet letter! Lud! if Sam
 knew how I had got this, what wou'd he say?

Sam. (coming forward.) Say! why, shiver me if I
 know what to say.

Kitty.

Kitty. Ah, my dear Sam, I didn't expect you so soon.

Sam. Avast! strike your false colours, and let's overhaul your papers. You didn't expect me! no, I believe not, or you wouldn't have hoisted the enemy's flag under my very nose.

Kitty. Me! why, how cruel you are! I don't understand you.

Sam. Not you—you never have letters from other folks, and mayhap you don't kiss 'em neither.

Kitty. Oh, what, jealous! then I'll be even with him. (*aside.*) Yes, Mr. Sailor man, I have kissed this letter very often; and what's more, I kissed him that brought it me.

Sam. You did! And who was the pirate? Dam'me, the man who would injure the friends of his country, while absent in defence of it, deserves to be reckoned amongst its greatest enemies.

Kitty. I'm sure Habakuk, the quaker, isn't nobody's enemy; and if you go to him, he'll give you satisfaction. I was quite pleased at the thoughts of your coming home—but now I hate you.—And if you was drown'd I shou'd mind it no more than I do now—So, take your nasty letter, and the next time you come from sea, I advise you to be better humoured, Mr. Sailor man.

[retires up the stage scornfully, but ready to cry.]

Sam. My eyes! what a blow-up! I thought old Habakuk had been my friend; but, left to take care of a pretty girl, he's as mischievous as a spark of fire in the powder-room. So, after toiling at sea, I return home, and find all my hopes capsize by a Quaker. (*picks up the letter.*) Zounds! why this is my own writing. Why, Kate! imite my timbers who'd have thought it. One Saturday night I corked up this here letter in the very same bottle I had just emptied

emptied to your health, and threw it overboard. A dozen of us did the like—and mine has had the luck to drift ashore in the right harbour.—So, old Habakuk turned pilot, and steer'd it into port, eh, girl?

Kitty. Yes; but you was angry with him, and with me for kissing him too.

Sam. Well, I'll beg old stiff rump's pardon over a cann of grog—And since you're so handy with your lips, kissing quakers, and sheets of writing-paper—Why, I begin to think I have been quite long enough at sea to come in for my share, now I'm ashore.

Kitty. Ay, but suppose I wou'dn't give you a kiss?

Sam. Then if you was me, what wou'd you do?

Kitty. Why, I'd take one to be sure.

Sam. And so I will; and a dozen more into the bargain. (*kisses her.*)

[*Habakuk suddenly enters, and observing them, gives a significant "Humph."*]

TRIO. (*Moorehead.*) SAM, KATE, & HABAKUK:

SAM.

When a tar returns home from keel-hauling the foe,
'Tis nonsense to quarrel with sweethearts you know;
Then kiss me again; let our bickering cease,
And hostilities yield to the blessings of peace.

KATE.

When a lass has her heart to a lover resign'd,
How quickly that heart to forgive is inclin'd.
So, kiss me again—let all bickering cease,
And hostilities yield to the blessings of peace.

HAB. (to KATE.)

Tho' this kissing to thee may great comfort afford,
'Twill be rather too much should the song be encor'd.

SAM.

Avast, my old friend, your palavering cease,
For we'd kiss all hands round for the blessings of
peace.

ALL.

Then forget and forgive, may all difference cease,
And victory purchase the blessings of peace.

S C E N E III.

A Club Room.

FIRELOCK, BEN BOWSPRIT, TOM TACKLE, DEN-
NIS, &c. *discover'd in debate. DENNIS in the chair.*
SAM and HABAKUK *enter and take their seats.*

Fire. I humbly move, Mr. President.

Ben. And I move, Mr. President.

Den. Pho! Botheration, hadn't we better all
move at once, for when my friends are at the
other end of the house, the devil may burn me if I
sit here with 'em any longer. (*All go forward.*)

GLEE AND CHORUS. (*Calcott.*)

When Britain first her flag uprear'd, three enemies
had she,
Who boldly dare with her dispute the empire of
the sea;
The first he was a French Mounseer; a Spaniard
next we view;
And the third he was a Dutchman, as big as the
other two.

II. The

II.

The French they had both rafts and ships; proud
Spain our ruin swore;

The Dutch they told a story bold, but, alas, they
did no more.

For the French we leather'd at home and abroad,
and fore we humbled Spain,

And when Duncan had beaten the Dutchmen once,
he beat 'em over again.

Den. Jontlemen! will you altogether speak one
at a time. Devil fire the bit of silence I've heard
this half hour!

Fire. Attention! huh!

Den. Hav'n't you made me your Chairman hon-
nies, and didn't I see you all drink my health in
your absence, and now tho' I have the honour to be
an Irish chairman, you mind me no more than if I
was only an odd man.

Haba. Verily, friend, thou art an odd man, yea,
very odd, and out of thy mouth come many
ODD-dities.

Sam. At this here rate, messmates, we shall
"never get into harbour. We came here you know,
"to, to—I say Ben—What did we come here for?

Ben. Why to—axe Tom Tackle.—He attends
"the Chaplain's mess, and can speechify better
"than I."

Tom. (rising.) Mr. Chairman, and messmates all,
I takes this here to be the very moral of our in-
structions. You Gemmen upon land, having consid-
ered how we lads at sea have scuttled the French
navy—blown the Spaniards out of the water, and
brought the Dutch fleet to Old England, you, I say,
wish to set up a sort of memorandum, whereby our
children may know it; now, as for us, if this here
thing is to be done, we shall take it in good part,
and in all loving kindness, as in duty bound to our
C friends

friends on shore, for being willing to remember us, and as for the Mounseers, why we can *make them* remember us, whether they're willing or not.

Sam. "Not, my masters, that we tars are vain—"glorious." The fortin of the day is always weigh'd as a body may say in a pair of scales—one must rise, t'other must sink; and if it has been Mounseer's lot to go down, he can't say as how we didn't give him lumping weight.

Ben. (rises.) And as for the monuments our countrymen may give us, we tars will never forget that they have built a lasting monument to their own honour, in providing for our wives and children.

Fire. Brother, I'll give you a toast.—May he who wipes away the tear of distress for a sailor, never shed one for himself.

Den. Stop, honies, I'll give you an amendment.—May he that wipes away a tear from the *widow* of a sailor, never live to shed one for *his own*.

Haba. (rises.) Friend Dennis, and ye too, my friends, who are called by the names of Thomas Tackle, Samuel Spritsail, yea, also, and Benjamin Bowspirit, though I delight not in war, nor in the weapons thereof, neither in great guns, mighty mortars, or in pocket pistols, yet doth my heart warm to the man George who is a father unto all his people, and if the blessings of peace shall be produced by the many fights ye have fought, then shall the nation cry out for joy, and I will cry out exceeding loud, and in the windows of my dwelling will I put many candles, and before ye tune your voices in praise of this land, I also will open a bundle of proverbs for your edification.

SONG. HABAKUK. *(Old Tune.)*

Habakuk's my name, it's well known to my friends,
That my ditties are made up of queer odds and ends,
I can't

I can't in fine cadence your hearings assail,
Nor wind up each close like a rattlesnake's tail.

Plain, frank and free,

My song shall be;

In vain for fine verses my brain I wou'd thresh
For, "What's bred in the bone won't come out of
the flesh."

For, "What's bred in, &c."

II.

Our foes on the ocean sent plenty of ships,
But it's "Not the best carpenter makes the most
chips;"

They promised to give Britain's sailors a beating,
Tho' "The proof of the pudding they found in the
eating."

The fans culottes

In rafts and boats,

They wou'dn't be quiet tho' ask'd to be civil,
"Set a beggar on horseback he'll ride to the devil."

III.

Our Island is small, yet it plainly appears,
That "Fishes tho' little have often great ears."
The French have five Kings, but their threats are all
froth,

For "Too many cooks do but ruin good broth."

Their Sovereigns five,

And all their hive,

Are welcome Britannia to catch when they get her,
For "Tho' Brag's a good dog yet Holdfast is a
"better."

IV.

For their threats of invasion we ne'er car'd a rush,
"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."
They may think open-mouth'd to devour us like
sharks,

But "Till the sky falls we must wait to catch larks."

My friends, if we
Do but agree,
Old England her bitterest foes may defy,
To attempt to say "Black is the white of her eye."
To attempt to say, &c.

Fire. And now comrades, what is this monument to be like?

Ben. Like an English first rate at the finish of an engagement—a jolly tar hauling down Mounseer's colours with one hand, and saving him from a watery grave with the other.

"*Sam.* Or like a compass with a gallant Admiral at each of the Cardinal points, and conquest at every corner of it.

"*Tom.* Or a book of signals where by former example, an enemy in view includes the whole duty of his service."

Fire. Or let the list of vessels taken, be fairly written out like the muster roll of a large army, where captur'd first rates wou'd form the staff—frigates the subalterns—privateers wou'd stand for rank and file, and gun-boats for little drummer boys.

Haba. Yea, verily, but let it be like unto a large almanack, where if victories were placed as red letter days, it wou'd be an holiday all the year round.

Den. Or like a large plant of Shilalee, with a beautiful superscription on the top, for our enemies to rade to the tune of Look at that and tremble.

Fire. Then wou'd they be like unto the Quakers, eh, old Fizgig?

Haba. Friend, my name is not Fizgig; "neither can we be liken'd unto the enemies of our country, for we walk with our heads erect while their necks have been pretty well bowed down."

Den. And now, jontlemen, words cannot tell what I'm going to say, and as it is impossible for me to express

express the sense of the company without speaking, I shall only observe, that while the land we live in is surrounded by water, no enemy upon earth can harm us—So, I'll give you a speedy meeting with the Brest fleet, and ould Firelock shall give us a volunteer; but take this wid you, jontleman; no one in society is obliged to sing a volunteer without it called for.

SONG. FIRELOCK. (*Moorehead.*)

To be bold in her cause, let Britannia inspire
Her sons, who enjoy all that freedom can
give,
And may Englishmen feel, that 'tis liberty's fire
Sheds warmth o'er the soil on whose treasures
they live.
In despite of each foe,
May the universe know,
That while ocean from strangers our island shall
sever;
Independant we'll sing,
Here's our laws and our King,
And the Navy and Army of Britain for ever!

II.

May George still victorious and fortunate prove,
And when aged and honour'd his earthly
course fails,
May his people transfer their respect and their love,
To the hopes of his countrymen, George
Prince of Wales.
May his children succeed,
And posterity read
That Englishmen ne'er were disloyal, no, never;
Then boys never wince,
Here's the King and the Prince,
And the Navy and Army of Britain for ever.

Enter

Enter Waiter.

Waiter. Gentlemen, here is a letter I was ordered to deliver to the chairman, and carry back the answer.

Den. Well, and why don't you go? Wou'd you have the ill manners to stay in a room full of company, and listen to what's said when you're out of it. [*Exit Waiter.*] And now, jontlemen, will it be proper to send the answer immediately, or shall we wait till friend Habakuk reads the letter?

All. O, the letter! the letter!

Hab. (*reads.*) "The wives and sweethearts of the company think they ought to be admitted to debate in the present question; for tho' the men have superior understanding, yet it may be quite as much in the power of the ladies to reward the merits of their brave protectors." Friends shall we admit them?

All. O, the ladies, by all means.

Enter NANCY, SUSAN, KITTY, &c.

All. (*speaking together.*) Nay, now; pray give me leave—I ought to speak—You shou'dn't attempt—I will speak.

Den. And pray, Ladies, which of you is the chairman, because at present nobody seems to hold her tongue but the speaker.

Kitty. Why, Mr. President, we are willing to acknowledge you as the upper house, and so have waited on you with a string of resolutions which passed with us unanimously.

Nancy. We are in the first place resolved—Sir

Kitty. To let nobody speak hut yourselves, I think—We are resolved, Mr. President, that—

Nancy.

Nancy. That the tars of Old England are entitled to our warmest gratitude.

Kitty. And that all we can do is too little for them.

Jane. We have therefore determined to raise a memorial at our own expence.

Nancy. To convey to posterity a sense of our gratitude; and to shew, that while Englishmen are the admiration of the world, English women are thoroughly sensible of the honour of their protection.

Kitty. And now, while you were only talking, we have been better employed, and come to invite your presence at a festival, where you will behold a feeble attempt on our part at what national gratitude may one day bring to perfection.

GLEE: KITT, NANCY, JANE. (*Moorehead.*)

We come, ye guardians of our isle,
Our gratitude to prove,
Be ye who nobly prize our smile,
Rewarded by our love.
To crown your valour be our care,
The brave alone deserve the fair.

Cho. With a fal, la, la, &c.

II.

While to the world, your well earn'd fame,
A grateful Land imparts,
We wear each gallant sailor's name
Engraven on our hearts.
Those hearts accept to crown your care,
The brave alone deserve the fair.

Cho. With a fal, &c.

III. Each

III.

Each British lass, shall proudly own,
 A British sailor's deeds,
 While royal Charlotte from her throne,
 The bright example leads.
 To pay their toils, be still our care,
 The brave alone deserve the fair.

Cho. With a fal, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Scene changes to an open view near the sea, a Pillar is discovered, inscribed to the memory of our naval Heroes. A characteristic dance of Sailors and their girls is performed; the girls welcoming their lovers home, decorating the Pillar with laurel, &c. At the conclusion of the Ballet, the Pillar changes to BRITANNIA on a superb throne, &c. the Apotheosis of Lord Howe appears above, and two rostral columns hang round with medallions of other Admirals at the sides.

BRITANNIA rises, comes forward, and speaks the following

RECITATIVE. BRITANNIA. (*Moorehead.*)

Britons, your Country's gratitude behold,
 Thus be each deed of naval worth enroll'd.

While

While to your valour we this tribute raise,
 Heroes *departed* claim alike our praise,
 They, well rewarded for their glorious toil,
 Now look with kind regard on Britain's Isle.

Receive each hero of the British fleet,
 And welcome *Howe* to his celestial seat.

The Vocal Characters enter, all come forward and sing the following parody on the Anacreontic song, by way of

FINALE.

BRITANNIA.

(*Old Air, New Accompaniment.*)

To Neptune enthron'd as he govern'd the sea,
 From my cliff-skirted isle I dispatch'd a petition,
 That he its protector and patron would be,
 When this charter arrived without let or condition:
 Navigation and trade no more be afraid,
 The ocean is yours, and I'll lend you my aid.
 Besides, I'll instruct you like me to entwine
 The fruits of fair Commerce round Liberty's shrine.

Chorus. Besides, I'll, &c.

D

BEN.

BEN.

The news over Gallia immediately flew,
 French and Spaniards pretended to give themselves
 airs,
 If Britons are suffer'd their schemes to pursue,
 There's an end of our projects, our hopes, and our
 cares.
 So they sent out a fleet which the Englishmen beat,
 And a second, sunk, taken, and forc'd to retreat,
 Was oblig'd to confess that 'tis we who entwine
 The fruits of fair Commerce round Liberty's shrine.

Chorus. Was oblig'd, &c.

DENNIS.

Then Mynheer from his mouth in great wrath took
 his pipe,
 And swore our pretensions we sorely should rue,
 That the time had arrived, and the project was ripe.
 Shou'd teach poor John Bull a fresh course to pursue,
 With this threat he set sail, 'twas of little avail,
 They'd the worst on't at sea, and at home they
 turn'd tail.
 Now safe in our port they the Orange entwine,
 And the fruits of fair Commerce round Liberty's
 shrine.

Chorus. But now, &c.

FIRELOCK.

(24)
FIRELOCK.

Then join Sons of Britain the world to convince,
You have hearts tun'd to harmony, friendship and joy,
That your love to each other, your country and prince,
Can never be less'n'd, or suffer alloy.
May Britannia still be the Queen of the Sea,
May our King, Laws, and People for ever be free.
And soon with the blessings of peace may we twine,
The fruits of our Commerce round Liberty's shrine.
Chorus. And soon may, &c.

FINIS.



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